

TALMAGE OUT WEST.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE PREACHING IN NEBRASKA.

An Open Air Sermon Delivered to the Multitudes From the Text, "We Are Witnesses."

On Sunday Dr. Talmage preached at Brentice, Nebraska, in the open air to an immense congregation which had gathered from all the surrounding country to hear the famous preacher. His text was, "We are witnesses." (Acts 8: 15.) Following is his sermon:

In the days of George Stephenson, the perfecter of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railway train could never be driven by steam power successfully and without peril; but the rushing express trains from Liverpool to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to London, have made all the nations witnesses of the splendid achievement. Machinists and navigators proved conclusively that a steamer could never cross the Atlantic Ocean but no sooner had they successfully proved the impossibility of such an undertaking than the work was done, and the passengers on the Cunard, and the Inman, and the National, and the White Star lines are witnesses. There went up a guffaw of wise laughter at Professor Morse's proposition to make the lightning of heaven his errand boy, and it was proved conclusively that the thing could never be done; but now all the news of the world move by associated press put in your hands every morning and night, has made all nations witnesses. So in the time of Christ it was proved conclusively that it was impossible for Him to rise from the dead. It was shown logically that when a man was dead, he was dead, and the heart and the liver and the lungs having ceased to perform their offices, the limbs would be rigid beyond all power of friction or arousal. They showed it to be an absolute absurdity that the dead Christ should ever get up alive; but no sooner had they proved, and the disciples beheld Him, hear His voice, and talk with him, and they took the witness stand to prove that to be true which the wisecracks of the day had proved to be impossible; and the record of the experience "and of the testimony is in the text." "Him hath God raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses."

Now, let me play the sceptic for a moment. "There is no God," says the sceptic, "for I have never seen Him with my physical eyesight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never was a miracle. Lazarus was not raised from the dead, and the water was never turned into wine. Your religion is an imposition on the credulity of the ages." There is an aged man moving over yonder as though he would like to respond. Here are hundreds of people with faces a little flushed at these announcements, and all through this assembly there is a suppressed feeling which would like to speak out in behalf of the truth of our glorious Christianity, as in the days of the text, crying out, "We are witnesses!"

The fact is, that if this world is ever brought to God, it will not be through argument, but through testimony. You might cover the whole earth with apologies for Christianity and learned treatises in defense of religion—you would not convert a soul. Lectures on the harmony between science and religion are beautiful mental discipline, but have never saved a soul, and never will save a soul. Put a man of the world and a man of the church against each other and the man of the world will in all probability get the triumph. There are a thousand things in our religion that seem illogical to the world, and always will seem illogical. Our weapon in this conflict is faith, not logic; faith, not metaphysics, faith, not profundity; faith, not scholastic exploration. But then, in order to have faith, we must have testimony, and if five hundred men, or one thousand men, or five hundred thousand men, or five million men get up and tell me that they have felt the religion of Jesus Christ a joy, a comfort, a help, an aspiration, I am bound as a fair-minded man to accept their testimony. I want just now to put before you three propositions, the truths of which I think this audience will attest with overwhelming unanimity.

The first proposition is, we are witnesses that the religion of Christ is able to convert a soul. The gospel may have had a hard time to conquer us; we may have fought it back, but we were vanquished. You say conversion is only an imaginary thing. We know better. "We are witnesses." There never was so great a change in our heart and life on any other subject as on this. People laughed at the missionaries in Madagascar because they preached ten years without converts; but there are 88,000 converts in Madagascar today. People laughed at Dr. Adoniram Judson, the Baptist missionary, because he kept on preaching in Burma five years without a single convert; but there are 20,000 Baptists in Burma today. People laughed at Doctor Morrison in China, for preaching there seven years without a single conversion; but there are 25,000 Christians in China today. People laughed at the missionaries for preaching at Tahiti fifteen years without a single conversion, and at the missionaries for preaching in Bengal seventeen years without a single conversion; yet in all those lands there are multitudes of Christians today.

But why go so far to find evidence of the Gospel's power to save a soul "We are witnesses." We were so

proud that no man could have humbled us; we were so hard that no earthly power could have melted us; angels of God were all around about us, they could not overcome us; but one day, perhaps at a Methodist anxious seat, or at a Presbyterian catechetical lecture, or at a burial, or on horseback, a power seized us, and made us get down, and made us tremble, and made us kneel, and cry for mercy, and we tried to wrench ourselves away from the grasp, but we could not. It flung us flat, and when we arose we were as much changed as Gorgias, the heathen, who went into a prayer meeting with a dagger and a gun, to disturb the meeting and to destroy it, but the next day was found crying, "Oh, my great sinner! Oh, my great Saviour!" and for eleven years preached the Gospel of Christ to his fellow mountaineers, the last words on his dying lips being, "Free Grace!" Oh, it was free grace!

There is a man who was for ten years a hard drinker. The dreadful appetite had sent down its roots around the palate and the tongue, and on down until they were interlinked with the vitals of body, mind and soul; but he has not taken any stimulants for ten years. What did that? Not temperance societies; not prohibition laws; not moral suasion. Conversion did it. "Why, sir," said one on whom the great change had come, "I feel just as though I were somebody else!" There is a sea captain who swore all the way from New York to Havana, and when he was in port he was worse than when he was on the sea. What power was it that washed his tongue clean of profanity, and made him a psalm singer? Conversion by the Holy Spirit. There are thousands of people in this assemblage to-day who are no more what they once were than a water lily is a lily, or a day is a night.

Now, if I should demand that all those people here present who have felt the converting power of religion should rise, so far from being ashamed, they would spring to their feet with more alacrity than they ever sprang to the dance, the tears mingling with their exhilaration as they cried, "We are witnesses!" And if they tried to sing the old Gospel hymn, they would break down with emotion by the time they got to the second line:

Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hope of heaven depends
Not when I sin, but when I sin again
That I no more will ever offend.

When a man has trouble the world comes in and says, "Now get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business." What poor advice! Get your mind off it! When everything is upturned with the bereavement, and everything reminds you of what you have lost. Get your mind off it! They might as well advise you to stop thinking, and you cannot stop thinking in that direction. Take a walk in the fresh air! Why, along that very street, or that very road, she once accompanied you. Out of that grass plot she plucked flowers, or into that show window she looked, fascinated, saying, "Come see the pictures." Go deeper into business! Why, she was associated with all your business ambition, and since she has gone you have no ambition left. Oh, this is a clumsy world when it tries to comfort a broken heart. I can build a Corlies engine, I can paint a Raphael's "Madonna," I can play a Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony" as easy as this world can comfort a broken heart. And yet you have been comforted. How was it done? Did Christ come to you and say, "Get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business!" No. There was a minute when he came to you—perhaps in the watches of the night, perhaps in your place of business, perhaps along the streets—and he breathed something into your soul that gave you peace, rest, infinite quiet, so that you could take out the photograph of the departed one and look into the eyes and the face of the dear one, and say, "It is all right; she is better off; I would not call her back. Lord, I thank thee that Thou hast comforted my poor heart."

In our sermons and in our lay exhortations we are very apt, when we want to bring illustrations of dying triumph, to go back to some distinguished personage—to a John Knox or a Harriet Newell. But I want you for witnesses. I want to know if you have ever seen anything to make you believe that the religion of Christ can give composure in the final hour. Now, in the courts, attorney, jury, and judge will never admit mere hearsay. They demand that the witness must have seen with his own eyes or heard with his own ears, and so I am critical in my examination of you now; and I want to know whether you have seen or heard anything that makes you believe that the religion of Christ gives composure in the final hour.

"Oh, yes," you say, "I saw my father and mother depart. There was a great difference in their deathbeds. Standing by the one we felt more veneration. By the other, there was more tenderness." Before the one, you bowed perhaps in awe. In the other case you felt as if you would like to go along with her. How did they seem to act? Were they very much frightened? Did they take hold of this world with both hands as though they did not want to give it up? "Oh, no," you say; "no, I remember as though it were yesterday; she had a kind word for us all, and there were a few mementoes distributed among the children, and then she told us how kind we must be to our father in his loneliness, and then she kissed us goodby and went asleep as calmly as a child in a cradle."

What made her so composed? Natural courage? "No," you say, "mother was very nervous; when the carriage inclined to the side of the road, she cried out; she was always very weakly." What, then, gave her composure? Was it because she did not care much for you, and the pang of parting was not so great? "Oh," you say, "she showered upon us a wealth of affection. No mother ever loved her children more than mother loved us. She showed it by the way she nursed us when we got sick, and she toiled for us until her strength gave out." What, then, was it that gave her composure in the last hour? Do not hide it; be frank and let me know. "Oh," you say, "it was because she was so good; she made the Lord her portion, and she had faith that she would go straight to glory, and that we should all meet her at last at the foot of the throne."

Here are people who say, "I saw a Christian brother die, and he triumphed." And some one else, "I saw a Christian sister die, and she triumphed." Some of the else will say, "I saw a Christian daughter die, and she triumphed." Come all ye who have seen the last moments of a Christian, and give testimony in this case on trial. Uncover your heads, put your hand on the old family Bible from which they used to read the promises, and promise in the presence of high heaven that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. With what you have seen with your own eyes, and from what you have heard with your own ears, is there power in this gospel to give calmness and triumph in the last exigency? The response comes from all sides, from young, and old, and middle aged: "Where are the witnesses!"

You see, my friend, I have not put before you to-day an abstraction, or chimera, or anything like guess-work. I present you affidavits of the best men and women, living and dead. Two witnesses in court will establish a fact. Here are not two witnesses, but thousands of witnesses—on earth millions of witnesses, and in heaven a great multitude of witnesses that no man can number—testifying that there is power in religion to convert the soul, to give comfort in trouble, and to afford composure in the last hour. If ten men should come to me, and say, "I saw my father die, and he was very calm, and took a certain medicine, and it cured him; now, suppose ten other men should come up and say, 'We don't believe there is anything in that medicine.' "Well," I say, "Have you ever tried it?" "No, I never tried it, but I don't believe there is anything in it." Of course you discredit their testimony. The sceptic may come and say, "There is no power in your religion." Have you ever tried it? "No, no." "Then, avanti!" Let me take the testimony of the millions of souls that have been converted to God, and comforted in trial, and solaced in the last hour. We will take their testimony as they cry, "We are witnesses!"

Some time ago Professor Henry, of Washington, discovered a new star, and the tidings, sped by submarine telegraph, and all the observatories of Europe were watching for that new star. Oh, hearer, looking out through the darkness of thy soul to-day, canst thou see a bright light beaming on thee? "Where?" you say; "where? How can I find it?" Look along by the line of the cross of the Son of God. Do you see it trembling with all tenderness and beaming with all hope? It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Struck struck I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

Oh, hearer, set your eyes on it. It is easier for you now to become a Christian than it is to stay away from Christ and heaven.

When Madame Sonntag began her musical career she was hissed off the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival Amelia Steingner, who had already begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed on, and one day Madame Sonntag, in her glory, was riding through the streets of Berlin, when she saw a little child leading a blind woman, and she said, "Come here, my little child, come here. Who is that you are leading by the hand?" And the little child replied, "That's my mother; that's Amelia Steingner. She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight." Give my love to her," said Madame Sonntag, "and tell her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon." The next week in Berlin a vast assemblage gathered at a benefit for that poor blind woman, and it was said that Madame Sonntag sang that night as she had never sung before. And she too, a skilled oculist, who in vain tried to give eyesight to the poor blind woman. Until the day of Amelia Steingner's death, Madame Sonntag took care of her, and her daughter after her. That was what the queen of song did for her enemy. But, oh, hear a more thrilling story still. Blind immortal, poor and lost, thou who, when the world and Christ were rivals for thy heart, didst hiss thy Lord away—Christ comes now to give thee sight, to give thee a home, to give thee heaven. With more than a Sonntag's generosity, He comes now to meet your need. With more than a Sonntag's music He comes to plead for thy deliverance.

toes distributed among the children, and then she told us how kind we must be to our father in his loneliness, and then she kissed us goodby and went asleep as calmly as a child in a cradle."

What made her so composed? Natural courage? "No," you say, "mother was very nervous; when the carriage inclined to the side of the road, she cried out; she was always very weakly." What, then, gave her composure? Was it because she did not care much for you, and the pang of parting was not so great? "Oh," you say, "she showered upon us a wealth of affection. No mother ever loved her children more than mother loved us. She showed it by the way she nursed us when we got sick, and she toiled for us until her strength gave out." What, then, was it that gave her composure in the last hour? Do not hide it; be frank and let me know. "Oh," you say, "it was because she was so good; she made the Lord her portion, and she had faith that she would go straight to glory, and that we should all meet her at last at the foot of the throne."

Here are people who say, "I saw a Christian brother die, and he triumphed." And some one else, "I saw a Christian sister die, and she triumphed." Some of the else will say, "I saw a Christian daughter die, and she triumphed." Come all ye who have seen the last moments of a Christian, and give testimony in this case on trial. Uncover your heads, put your hand on the old family Bible from which they used to read the promises, and promise in the presence of high heaven that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. With what you have seen with your own eyes, and from what you have heard with your own ears, is there power in this gospel to give calmness and triumph in the last exigency? The response comes from all sides, from young, and old, and middle aged: "Where are the witnesses!"

You see, my friend, I have not put before you to-day an abstraction, or chimera, or anything like guess-work. I present you affidavits of the best men and women, living and dead. Two witnesses in court will establish a fact. Here are not two witnesses, but thousands of witnesses—on earth millions of witnesses, and in heaven a great multitude of witnesses that no man can number—testifying that there is power in religion to convert the soul, to give comfort in trouble, and to afford composure in the last hour. If ten men should come to me, and say, "I saw my father die, and he was very calm, and took a certain medicine, and it cured him; now, suppose ten other men should come up and say, 'We don't believe there is anything in that medicine.' "Well," I say, "Have you ever tried it?" "No, I never tried it, but I don't believe there is anything in it." Of course you discredit their testimony. The sceptic may come and say, "There is no power in your religion." Have you ever tried it? "No, no." "Then, avanti!" Let me take the testimony of the millions of souls that have been converted to God, and comforted in trial, and solaced in the last hour. We will take their testimony as they cry, "We are witnesses!"

Some time ago Professor Henry, of Washington, discovered a new star, and the tidings, sped by submarine telegraph, and all the observatories of Europe were watching for that new star. Oh, hearer, looking out through the darkness of thy soul to-day, canst thou see a bright light beaming on thee? "Where?" you say; "where? How can I find it?" Look along by the line of the cross of the Son of God. Do you see it trembling with all tenderness and beaming with all hope? It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Struck struck I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

Oh, hearer, set your eyes on it. It is easier for you now to become a Christian than it is to stay away from Christ and heaven.

When Madame Sonntag began her musical career she was hissed off the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival Amelia Steingner, who had already begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed on, and one day Madame Sonntag, in her glory, was riding through the streets of Berlin, when she saw a little child leading a blind woman, and she said, "Come here, my little child, come here. Who is that you are leading by the hand?" And the little child replied, "That's my mother; that's Amelia Steingner. She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight." Give my love to her," said Madame Sonntag, "and tell her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon." The next week in Berlin a vast assemblage gathered at a benefit for that poor blind woman, and it was said that Madame Sonntag sang that night as she had never sung before. And she too, a skilled oculist, who in vain tried to give eyesight to the poor blind woman. Until the day of Amelia Steingner's death, Madame Sonntag took care of her, and her daughter after her. That was what the queen of song did for her enemy. But, oh, hear a more thrilling story still. Blind immortal, poor and lost, thou who, when the world and Christ were rivals for thy heart, didst hiss thy Lord away—Christ comes now to give thee sight, to give thee a home, to give thee heaven. With more than a Sonntag's generosity, He comes now to meet your need. With more than a Sonntag's music He comes to plead for thy deliverance.

toes distributed among the children, and then she told us how kind we must be to our father in his loneliness, and then she kissed us goodby and went asleep as calmly as a child in a cradle."

What made her so composed? Natural courage? "No," you say, "mother was very nervous; when the carriage inclined to the side of the road, she cried out; she was always very weakly." What, then, gave her composure? Was it because she did not care much for you, and the pang of parting was not so great? "Oh," you say, "she showered upon us a wealth of affection. No mother ever loved her children more than mother loved us. She showed it by the way she nursed us when we got sick, and she toiled for us until her strength gave out." What, then, was it that gave her composure in the last hour? Do not hide it; be frank and let me know. "Oh," you say, "it was because she was so good; she made the Lord her portion, and she had faith that she would go straight to glory, and that we should all meet her at last at the foot of the throne."

Here are people who say, "I saw a Christian brother die, and he triumphed." And some one else, "I saw a Christian sister die, and she triumphed." Some of the else will say, "I saw a Christian daughter die, and she triumphed." Come all ye who have seen the last moments of a Christian, and give testimony in this case on trial. Uncover your heads, put your hand on the old family Bible from which they used to read the promises, and promise in the presence of high heaven that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. With what you have seen with your own eyes, and from what you have heard with your own ears, is there power in this gospel to give calmness and triumph in the last exigency? The response comes from all sides, from young, and old, and middle aged: "Where are the witnesses!"

You see, my friend, I have not put before you to-day an abstraction, or chimera, or anything like guess-work. I present you affidavits of the best men and women, living and dead. Two witnesses in court will establish a fact. Here are not two witnesses, but thousands of witnesses—on earth millions of witnesses, and in heaven a great multitude of witnesses that no man can number—testifying that there is power in religion to convert the soul, to give comfort in trouble, and to afford composure in the last hour. If ten men should come to me, and say, "I saw my father die, and he was very calm, and took a certain medicine, and it cured him; now, suppose ten other men should come up and say, 'We don't believe there is anything in that medicine.' "Well," I say, "Have you ever tried it?" "No, I never tried it, but I don't believe there is anything in it." Of course you discredit their testimony. The sceptic may come and say, "There is no power in your religion." Have you ever tried it? "No, no." "Then, avanti!" Let me take the testimony of the millions of souls that have been converted to God, and comforted in trial, and solaced in the last hour. We will take their testimony as they cry, "We are witnesses!"

Some time ago Professor Henry, of Washington, discovered a new star, and the tidings, sped by submarine telegraph, and all the observatories of Europe were watching for that new star. Oh, hearer, looking out through the darkness of thy soul to-day, canst thou see a bright light beaming on thee? "Where?" you say; "where? How can I find it?" Look along by the line of the cross of the Son of God. Do you see it trembling with all tenderness and beaming with all hope? It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Struck struck I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

Oh, hearer, set your eyes on it. It is easier for you now to become a Christian than it is to stay away from Christ and heaven.

When Madame Sonntag began her musical career she was hissed off the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival Amelia Steingner, who had already begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed on, and one day Madame Sonntag, in her glory, was riding through the streets of Berlin, when she saw a little child leading a blind woman, and she said, "Come here, my little child, come here. Who is that you are leading by the hand?" And the little child replied, "That's my mother; that's Amelia Steingner. She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight." Give my love to her," said Madame Sonntag, "and tell her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon." The next week in Berlin a vast assemblage gathered at a benefit for that poor blind woman, and it was said that Madame Sonntag sang that night as she had never sung before. And she too, a skilled oculist, who in vain tried to give eyesight to the poor blind woman. Until the day of Amelia Steingner's death, Madame Sonntag took care of her, and her daughter after her. That was what the queen of song did for her enemy. But, oh, hear a more thrilling story still. Blind immortal, poor and lost, thou who, when the world and Christ were rivals for thy heart, didst hiss thy Lord away—Christ comes now to give thee sight, to give thee a home, to give thee heaven. With more than a Sonntag's generosity, He comes now to meet your need. With more than a Sonntag's music He comes to plead for thy deliverance.

BATTILING ON BROADWAY.

Striking and Working Cloak Makers Strike Here Enough—An Exciting Scene in New York's Chief Thoroughfare.

NEW YORK, July 3.—A crowd of about 200 striking cloak makers gathered on Broadway between Leonard and White streets this morning at the hour when the hands in the Meyer & Jannsen shops at 334 and the Mercantile Cloak Company's place at 334 Broadway were going to work. These firms are two of the largest in the trade and are battling in the front row of the employers' Association against the strikers' demands. When their employees tried to enter the shops they were surrounded by strikers who forbade them with vehement gesticulations to enter. Some were frightened away, and others escaped while the others were in the effort to enter the shops were seized and hustled away by force. In a few minutes Broadway for two blocks was the scene of a dozen running fights. For a short time the strikers had their own way but soon the assaulted men pluckily fought back. As a consequence damaged heads among the strikers were plentiful. The working cloak makers, however, generally got the worst of it. Around Meyer & Jannsen's shops the war raged the most fiercely. A dozen strikers caught Charles Butler, stock clerk, and dragged him backward off the steps and maltreated him.

Jos. Lerbberger, buyer for the house, was beaten. An old operator named Quincy was set upon and so badly beaten that he had to be driven home in a cab.

William Wisner, another operator, received several scalp wounds. He was taken to the Chambers Street hospital for treatment. Neither pistols nor knives were used in the melee, the only weapons being fists and clubbed umbrellas.

When the police arrived in force they had no difficulty in dispersing the mob. They used their clubs freely. Mr. Moorcroft, of the cloak firm, said he had no idea that violence would be used. He had supplied the places of the strikers, he said, and work was progressing as usual.

COUNTING UNCLE SAM'S NOSES.

Machines That Beat the Human Brain in Computing Returns.

WASHINGTON, July 10.—Nice-looking girls in clean, white aprons are the busy hands in a machine shop on the third floor of a Ninth street building. With the census bureau and the state machines, which beat human intelligence in computing the returns sent from all sections of this big country for the census of 1890. At first glance the machines remind one of an upright piano. They have handsome oak cases and each one occupies about the same space a piano does. They are, however, eminently practical machines, and with their aid some fifteen young ladies can count accurately 500,000 names a day. It is expected that when the work of counting the census returns really begins there will be seventy or eighty of these machines at work.

The returns from the census districts throughout the country are coming in slowly. There are more than 50,000 of these districts, and so far only about 2,500 districts have sent in the returns. As fast as the returns come in they are counted, although not so rapidly as they will be, as it is necessary to train the young ladies in the use of the machines. In making this count, which is known as the "rough count," the returns for each district are counted twice. After being counted on one machine they are passed over to another, and when the latter count is completed the two are compared, and if there are discrepancies necessary corrections are made. Following this method, if the total population of the country is 60,000,000 there will be counted in the census office an equivalent to 120,000,000 names.

The machines, which are the invention of Mr. Hollerith, and supplement his tabulating machines, are very simple. A key board, resembling that of a typewriter, is at the right of the operator. Each key has a number from one to twenty. The operator has a pile of census schedules at her left side, and as she turns the figures which indicate the number of members in each family enumerated in that schedule. If there are five in a family she strikes the key marked five. When a key is struck an electric connection is established with the hands on a dial in the framework in front of the operator.

That dial is marked No. 5, which means it records the number of families consisting of five persons. Each time the No 5 key is struck No. 5 dial records one. When the count is completed the recorded number on each dial is multiplied by the number of the dial, the results added up and the total number of individuals in that district is ascertained. If the result is obtained by a different operator, then it is concluded that the count is correct. It is expected that by the use of these machines the results of the census will be known much sooner than by any other known method.

Governor Nicholls, of Louisiana, vetoed the bill to submit the lottery question to the people, but the House passed it over his veto, and the Senate sustained the House. So the oil becomes a law.

During the last year forty-two colleges received gifts of money amounting to \$2,075,000.

ARP AS A PATRIOT.

HE MORALIZES ON THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

Some Important Historical Facts Recalled—Let Us Have Peace.

Atlanta Constitution.

I asked an intelligent young man to-day about the 4th of July and what it meant, and he said: "Our forefathers had a big fight with old England and whipt it; and after it was all over the colonies got together on the 4th of July, '76, and formed a union and made a declaration of independence." A good many young people have an idea that this day celebrates the whipping of the fight, and the beginning of a new government. This is a mistake, but it is a very reasonable supposition. The day of a great victory that closes a war and secures peace and independence is a greater day than the one on which it was declared.

"Let not him boast that putteth his armor on like him who taketh it off." The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown virtually closed the war on the 19th day of October, 1781, and the treaty of peace was signed in Paris on the 30th day of November, 1782. This treaty for the first time acknowledged and established the independence of the United States, and the day it was signed should be observed as a very notable day. The 4th of July was not the beginning of the war. The colonies had been fighting for a year or more all along the line. Bancroft says the battle of Lexington that was fought on the 18th of April, 1775, was the beginning of the revolution. The battle of Bunker Hill was fought in June, 1775. The colonies had rebelled from Maine to Georgia, and had organized for resistance. Old North Carolina held a secession meeting at Mecklenburg in May, 1775, and passed a declaration of independence. The second continental congress met in Philadelphia the 10th of May, 1775, and issued \$2,000,000 of continental money for war purposes. Canada was invaded and Montreal was taken in December, 1775. Our fathers were getting along pretty well with the war long before the 4th of July, but the colonies were fighting on their own motion, and had not cemented any settled union. Some of them thought that England would soon get tired and beg their pardon and invite them back, and perhaps they would go back, but on the 7th

Lee introduced resolutions in the continental congress that out the last cord that had bound the colonies to Great Britain. The resolutions were passed and a committee appointed to draw up a more formal declaration of independence, and so it was done, and was reported to congress and was passed on the 4th of July, 1776. It is well for the children and youth to understand these things, so that when they are asked what all this racket is about, and these annual celebrations and fireworks, they can answer.

Richard Henry Lee was the personal friend of Washington, and when Washington died Lee was chosen to pronounce his eulogy, and it was in that address that he said of him: "First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Don't forget that.

Those Lees were terrible rebels. When Cromwell was dictator they rebelled against him and passed a declaration of independence for Virginia, and so Cromwell sent over a fleet to subdue them, but he couldn't do it, and had to recognize their independence and make a treaty with them. The Lees were born to rule, and they have been ruling for 150 years in this country. It is a grand old family. Henry Lee, a cousin of Richard's, was the father of our General Robert E. Lee. He was known during the revolution as Light Horse Harry. His father must have been a very extraordinary man, for he and General Washington loved and courted the same girl, Miss Lucy Grymes, the "lowland beauty," and Lee out-generated the general, and history says that Washington never wholly recovered from that defeat. Some years after he tried a widow with better luck. She had one son, and that son married and died, leaving one daughter, and our Bob married her. The Lees all had personal pride and pride of family. They scorned to do a mean thing. Their self-respect wouldn't permit it. They stood up and sat down and rode and walked with a princely dignity that commanded respect and admiration. William Preston Johnson says in a recent letter that he never saw General Lee take an ungraceful posture. No matter how worn or weary or sick or sad, his bearing was grace and dignity refined. This was not affected. It was his nature. A man with a great mind and a good heart can't help being dignified. His body partakes of the nobility of his mind. He becomes godlike, as was said of Daniel Webster. If a man's body is the temple of the living God, as the scriptures say, then it becomes him to be dignified and graceful and courteous. Some folks affect to despise all this, but they do not. They are fooling themselves. Just let a man or a woman sit or stand before the camera of the photographer for a picture and see how they fix up for it, and how careful to take a good position. They will do their best and look their prettiest every time, especially a woman.

Light Horse Harry was the most dashing cavalry officer of the revolution and Washington depended upon him as General Lee depended upon

the American people, North and South, will not submit to being bulldozed and dictated to. Our education for 100 years has made us intolerant of compulsion and of autocratic methods. Fair play is the first principle of the American citizen, and this bill violates fair play in every provision. If it becomes a law, and there is no reason to anticipate that it will not, it will be a law that will never be put into effect. The Supreme Court will not sustain it, and the people will not stand it.

The American people, North and South, will not submit to being bulldozed and dictated to. Our education for 100 years has made us intolerant of compulsion and of autocratic methods. Fair play is the first principle of the American citizen, and this bill violates fair play in every provision. If it becomes a law, and there is no reason to anticipate that it will not, it will be a law that will never be put into effect. The Supreme Court will not sustain it, and the people will not stand it.

A dreadful accident occurred near Chappell's Depot, in Newberry county last Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Dan Holland and a negro woman were driving in a sulky. They were endeavoring to get ahead of a rain storm which was coming up, and in crossing a small stream the sulky was thrown off the bridge, turning it over. Mrs. Holland's foot caught in the stirrup of the upturned sulky, and the horse, becoming frightened, ran away, killing Mrs. Holland and seriously hurting the negro woman. Mrs. Holland was only 16 years old, and had only been married about two months.

The American people, North and South, will not submit to being bulldozed and dictated to. Our education for 100 years has made us intolerant of compulsion and of autocratic methods. Fair play is the first principle of the American citizen, and this bill violates fair play in every provision. If it becomes a law, and there is no reason to anticipate that it will not, it will be a law that will never be put into effect. The Supreme Court will not sustain it, and the people will not stand it.

Light Horse Harry was the most dashing cavalry officer of the revolution and Washington depended upon him as General Lee depended upon

Jeb Stuart in the late war. He was a devoted friend and a magnanimous foe. After the war he happened to be in Baltimore where a mob had gathered to break up a newspaper, and whipt the editor, a man who had been his friend, and he rushed to his rescue and got wounded in the fray and was injured internally and never recovered from it. He went to Cuba for his health and came back with General Green's family and there he died and was buried. Georgia was honored with his bones.

I reckon that the 4th of July is the fittest day to celebrate, though it was not the day of the nation's birth, nor the beginning of the war, nor the day of the last great victory, nor the day when peace was made. It is a singular coincidence that the battle of Lexington, where the first blood was shed in the old revolution, was fought on the 18th of April—the same day of the same month that closed the late war, ninety years afterward. Sherman and Joe Johnston made peace on that day at Durham's station, in North Carolina. In the beginning of the first revolution eleven of the colonies seceded. In the second revolution eleven States seceded. Secession and rebellion began with the fathers and ended with the sons. It began in defense of a principle, a little tax of three pence a pound on tea. All other duties on imports had been removed, and King George declared that he would keep a little tax on tea, not for revenue, but to show the colonies that England had a right to tax—that was all. Where there is a will to fight, excuses are plenty. The colonies had been quarreling with the parent government for years and were tired. So it was with the North and the South. They had been quarreling for fifty years, and the fight had to come. It wasn't the election of Lincoln, but it was the spent bitterness of half a century that had to explode.

And we are quarreling again, and if we keep on there will be another fight some time. Human nature is the same now that it was then, and there are more causes of quarrel than a little tax on tea. What is the matter with this American people? I wonder if these farmers can't stop the fuss when they get into power. For the Lord's sake, gentlemen, do start us on an era of peace and good will, and let the next Fourth of July celebrate a victory over hate and prejudice and the inordinate love of other people's money. BILL ARP.

ONE NEGRO KILLS ANOTHER.

The Murderer Arrested.

Saturday morning Kelly Powers killed Ben Newman, at Ashland, twenty-five miles from Darlington. Both were colored men. Powers was beating his wife severely, so severely that Newman asked him to stop, when he turned upon Newman with a large knife and stabbed him in the heart. Newman turned and ran, Powers following and cutting him. After running about fifty yards Newman fell dead. A crowd of negroes gathered at the scene of the crime and beat Powers severely and were with difficulty restrained from lynching him. A deputy sheriff was promptly dispatched to the scene of the murder and before sunset the murderer was safely lodged in jail.

A Whole Township Missed.

A Raleigh dispatch asserts that no census of South Greensboro, Guilford county, N. C., which has a population of three thousand, has been taken, and one township in the county had no enumerator. In the township in question a Democratic applicant for appointment as enumerator was appointed over the Republican applicant. Soon after he got to work he was notified of his removal and ordered to turn his books over